

"SEE FOR YOURSELF, WE'VE CONVINCED AMERICA!"



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Lady's Thumbs Are Down

Dear Sociates: Do take a vacation—you need it after that...

Yesterday, for instance, just to illustrate your rapid state, you ask if it isn't time that a certain Texas politician were made a...

Something else—I have the honor of being very closely related to a Mountie (Royal Northwest Mounted Police) and I could satisfy...

Very much indeed, I do," said Mr. Doubleday. "They have a certain richness of appeal, they seem to have thought over their material more carefully and show a greater subtlety in their presentation of the story. Perhaps it is due to the fact that there is a more established literary class in England. But you mustn't forget our own novelists of serious artistic purpose. Tarkington, for instance. After William Dean Howells, isn't he the greatest American novelist today? One interesting thing to be noticed is the great number of women who hold high places in our literary ranks. In my dealings with writers I think I see more women than men."

"ARE there any particular authors in Philadelphia that the publishers are specially interested in?" "I think every one is watching Mr. Hergesheimer's career with much interest," said Mr. Doubleday. "And one wonders whether Mr. Owen Wister is writing any more novels. A new novel from his hand is something the book world would look forward to with keen anticipation."

"A great many young English writers are visiting this country these days. Do you think they are superior to our own younger novelists?" "Candidly, I do," said Mr. Doubleday. "They have a certain richness of appeal, they seem to have thought over their material more carefully and show a greater subtlety in their presentation of the story. Perhaps it is due to the fact that there is a more established literary class in England. But you mustn't forget our own novelists of serious artistic purpose. Tarkington, for instance. After William Dean Howells, isn't he the greatest American novelist today? One interesting thing to be noticed is the great number of women who hold high places in our literary ranks. In my dealings with writers I think I see more women than men."

"I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

Lament

CIGARETTE, My Lady wills You as the cause of all my ills From chicken-pox to colds and chills And, so, farewell."

No more will all my clothes and room Be laden with thy rich perfume— She says that you will be my doom Who served so well."

R. I. P. then, faithful friend, No more thy incense will I send Into the evening air to blend A dim blue cloud."

Ab, Kipling was thy friend, indeed, "My soul," said he, "goes wild and freed." "Depart my Love, I choose the weed." "I'm not allowed."

No more my errand fancy weaves My dreams amid thy burning leaves Go now! My heart in parting grieves Over thy loss."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

Perhaps upon the Jordan's shore Some strong-willed saint will have a store And there in peace we'll meet once more. Just me and you."

I would be strong, but I am weak; Some other solace I must seek; Heaven, they say, rewards the meek, And she is Boss."

No need that thou remind me The fight for Democracy, Thy banishment is Her decree, And I am through."

The Race

A HUNDRED shining sails put out to sea! One wide ballooning sail leaps free, And like a card that slips from the pack, Alone, it veers along the splashing track."

A hundred shining sails put out to sea! One straining, cross-reefed sail holds true; The rest, like diving gulls with broken wing, Droop to the water, limp and quivering."

A hundred shining sails put out to sea! One graying sail fulfills its destiny; Far off there sounds a sea bell's guiding drone, As, through the dusk, one sail rides on, Alone."

—Mildred Plew Merriman, in the New York Times.

The ratification of the peace treaty by the king of Italy was, it would now appear, merely a gesture. The punch will come when the Italian Parliament gets after it in December."

Blood is selling at \$50 the half pint at the University of Pennsylvania. Another illustration of the law of supply and demand. Anemic patients need the fluid and the students need the kale."

It is the boast of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers that it has never broken a contract. It is a record that any trades union should be proud to hold."

The fact that the price has been cut to twenty-five cents a pound is indication that the City Market Commission has no desire to save its bacon."

"Come seven!" cries the Public Service Railway Corporation of New Jersey. But noboddy kin tell how dem bones is a-gwine 't roll."

Three more Delaware river bridges have been freed from tolls. The toll house and the saloon are going into limbo together."

Before we had the bare figures. The election court has clothed them with authority."

Participants in the industrial conference's battle royal are still sparring for wind."

What Do You Know?

QUIZ 1. On what date does Halloween fall? 2. What overt act of war does Germany...

3. What is a medicator? 4. What is a simile? 5. Which one of the seceded states was the first to be readmitted to the Union after the Civil War?

6. What is a nial? 7. Which was Mark Twain's native state? 8. Who first popularized the classification of people as "bromides" and "aulphites"?

9. Which is the higher diplomatic rank, minister or ambassador? 10. When was the Democratic party also called Republican?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. General Allenby commanded the victorious British forces in Palestine in the war.

2. The abbreviation for hundredweight is cwt. 3. The metaphorical name for the London Times is "The Thunderer."

FOSTER AND GOMPERS

Thoughtful Analysis of the Personalities and Viewpoints of Two Antithetical Labor Leader Types By CLINTON W. GILBERT Staff Correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger

Washington, Oct. 10. "EVEN our great leader, Mr. Gompers, whose services during the war were so splendid, has been lambasted for his part in this strike."

It was William Z. Foster speaking before the Kenyon committee on education and labor, which was investigating the steel strike.

He turned deferentially to Mr. Gompers, the chief of the American Federation of Labor, who sat three seats away among the senators, like a senator himself. It was the radicalism of the American labor movement sheltering itself behind the mighty person of Mr. Gompers, it proved what has been perfectly obvious since the steel strike promised to fail—that Mr. Gompers is just as indispensable to radicalism in labor as he is to conservatism wherever located. He is the moderator. Labor must wear the Gompers front no matter what elements are in its ranks.

And business generally, at least elements as represented by the last four administrations, has realized that it can make its best bargain with Mr. Gompers even though it does scold him when he is forced to talk radically to satisfy his radical followers or to secure the approval of some of their impatient notions.

IT WAS a triumphant moment for Mr. Gompers when Mr. Foster sheltered himself behind him. The ambitious young man who was fired of Mr. Gompers' slow ways was confessing that they must build anew.

"If the present strike fails," said Mr. Foster, "I will start again and construct a bigger movement and have a bigger strike, one that cannot fail."

All that takes time, and time is the essence of the Gompers policy, as of all political policies. You might have expected to see a smile of satisfaction on Mr. Gompers' face. But Mr. Gompers' face does not record his emotions. The face of Gompers regarded Foster fixedly as Foster paid this tribute, and with a changeless expression.

The face of Foster was an utter contrast. Foster is young. He has not yet learned to compromise. He is taking his first lessons in compromise since this strike began. He took another one before the Senate committee, and found it difficult. He compromises as a naturally truthful person, lined with pain written all over his countenance.

The Foster face masks nothing. If its owner ever rises to the place of Mr. Gompers in the indefinite future, just postponed, he will have to develop his mask. His face is impassive. It is impassive. It is impassive. It is impassive.

Primarily Foster is interested in ideas. He is interested in ideas. He is interested in ideas. He is interested in ideas.

You can hear enthusiasm over ideas, in youth especially. You cannot over practice. Ideas come forth to the surface and mark the visage. Practice does not, if it is effective practice.

MR. GOMPERS has learned to talk words that do not mean anything, a gift that goes along with a face that means nothing or everything or whatever its owner wishes it to mean. Words are still sacred to Mr. Foster. They rose out of his past and smote him and he suffered, wriggling and twisting in the way of his own words.

Words are so much water over the dam to Gompers, as to any good politician. Words are children to Foster; he is young and he quivers as he was asked to slay them. But slay them he did, after approaching the knife to the throat many times and drawing back in repulsion.

And when the act was done he made one step on the road toward being what Gompers is, one step upward or downward, it depends on whether you are idealist or practical—from being a young agitator toward being an old leader. He left the witness stand more careful, that is, more conservative. That may be set down perhaps as the one positive achievement of the Senate investigation.

HE TRIED to save his words by saying that they made no difference; that his personality did not count. But his opinions did count. The nation, through Senator Kenyon, was interrogating radicalism, in the person of the steel worker, and he expressed itself within the orthodox American labor movement. Young radicalism had said: "We are tired of bargaining with the politicians. It is too slow. Let us not go to Washington. Let us settle this thing by force right here in Pittsburgh."

"Shake your chains off like the dew. With an albatross fall on you. You are many; they are few." Washington likes labor moderately, when it comes to Washington. It approves Gompers, with reservations. But it thoroughly disapproves a labor movement that declares itself independent of politics and of the politicians.

People say that Foster represents this independent labor movement, to borrow a title from England, where the movement derives its inspiration, more ably than any other; that he is, in short, the "brains" of radicalism in labor.

Foster modestly disclaims his importance. He is a secretary of a strike committee. But, then, it is said, probably with truth, that he is the intelligence of the committee, and every one knows what that means. Such being the case, his opinions are important.

TO GET at the actual present state of those opinions was difficult. But to present it fairly I should say that he was once, only a few short years ago, an I. W. W.; that is, that he borrowed his inspiration from the French syndicalists, that he became convinced of the futility of the I. W. W. movement, and that he turned to the American Federation of Labor, attaching himself early to the more radical groups there. This was his first compromise. He has dropped the word revolution from his vocabulary, though he still has perhaps a secret relish for its flavor. He favors "direct action," which is radicalist, but which he rather in harmony with the British than the French or the American labor movement.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY AIR RACE IS A QUEST AFTER KNOWLEDGE

The Army is Following the Navy's Example in Extensive Experiments With Aerial Navigation

UNLESS aviators go hunting each other they are seldom killed above the ground. The air is pretty kind to its conquerors. So long as their wings sustain them they are safe. It is almost as easy to get away from the land as it is to leave home or a good job or a state of happiness—and about as difficult to return. And it is in getting back to the indispensable earth that fliers are killed or broken up.

British airmen made a toast when the war was on which revealed as clearly as anything could this chief concern of their kind. It was solemnly pronounced in honor of any guest who happened in from the skies and it was spoken as a sort of brisk benediction in farewells to the men who went out looking for submarines in the North sea or aloft to awful duels a mile or two over the lines. These two words, like a vivid fragment of a sonnet, were all that the flying men needed to express their conception of the full sum of human happiness, the reward of virtue and all that is desirable in this life: "Happy landings!"

Certainly the whole country should have wished happy landings for the fifty-two pilots and their assistants who participated in the transcontinental endurance test that began Wednesday under the auspices of the army. It is already too late to wish for a few of them. The great air race was not a sporting event, though as a demonstration of skill, courage and endurance it was the most superb spectacle ever planned in the United States. If the world's series game at Chicago monopolized general attention, even when the race was at its height, it was because the event in the air was too big and the factors involved too mysterious to be comprehended at a glance or even in the detailed report of miracles performed by the devil-may-care fliers who hurtled across the country in the wake of a two-mile-a-minute parson of whom all Baptists ought to be proud; a parson who, assessed from any angle, seems to be the most admirable of all sky pilots.

The race wasn't arranged for anybody's glory or anybody's profit. It was scientifically conducted for a scientific purpose. The army was repeating experiments of the sort made by the navy in the first transoceanic flight. Men and machines, instruments and equipment were put to a racking trial in order that experts might know a little more about engines, structural design, motor endurance and the dependability of instruments and codes devised for aerial navigation. The flight has carried the science of aviation a little further forward in America. That is what it was for.

Motors are pretty well understood. It is interesting to know that Lieutenant Maynard, who was the pacemaker from this side of the country, rode behind a Liberty motor which made a hop 840 miles long from Mineola to happy landings at Chicago, "without a complaint." Essentially, however, the flight was a test of navigation methods. Airmen in wartime often have had to fly, for hours without a sight of land or a glimpse of the sun. What is being sought now is the refinement of methods and instruments by which, in the future, they may travel indefinitely in fog or darkness and yet know their location at every mile.

Ships may slow down in fog or wait for clear weather to get their bearings. Air machines can't. They must keep moving or risk the sort of landings that are anything but happy. The means of air navigation are still crude, yet airmen already are cleverer at finding their way about than navigators who travel the seas.

Hawker, for example, was not actually the hero of the first flight across the Atlantic. It was Lieutenant Commander MacKenzie Grieve, the Sopwith's navigator, who bore the heaviest responsibilities of the spectacular flight and in the end saved Hawker and himself from death. Grieve plotted the course of the airplane by the stars when he could see any and by his instruments when he couldn't and was able, when the engine failed, to find the sea lanes and drop neatly alongside a steamship.

Alcock and Brown crossed the ocean and hit at a point in Ireland only forty miles from the place for which they had steered over the whole width of the Atlantic by mathematical calculation alone. Upon the navigator in this instance the fate of the airplane hung, and he performed even more brilliantly than the pilot the difficult job, though he got but a minimum of the applause.

When aerial navigation has been developed to limits now sought by the army and the navy air machines will be able to come and go at will, despite fog and darkness. They will not need landmarks. Much of the going yesterday was done by readings of instruments like those used for navigation at sea.

Still we are at the beginning of aviation. If rumors from Washington are well founded, the navy is developing a new type of airplane.

Chinese women are said to be becoming a power in politics in their country. Now that they no longer bind their feet they feel that there is nothing to prevent them from running for office.

Congressmen appear to have but a flickering interest in the pleas of the moving-picture man to have the war tax repealed.

The state welfare commission seeking rent profiteers has discovered 1500 or more variant houses that are being held for sale. The man who keeps a house unoccupied so that he may sell it unhampered by a lease may be guilty of some offense against the moral law, but his offense is assuredly not that of profiteering.

The city market commission is planning still grinning a food store on the cafeteria plan, with Emergency Aid vouchers as unpaid clerks. It will reduce prices, of course—to the extent of clerk hire and the profit the government is willing to forgo. But it will solve no problems.

Among the matters to be discussed at the world cotton conference which opens in New Orleans next Monday is the improvement of ginning. We have it on competent authority, however, that it is a matter in which the celebrated Colonel Rieker is not at all interested.

Nature has a way of making a man find time for a vacation, but it isn't a way in which he finds much enjoyment. Admiral Grayson has heard a few remarks on the subject during the last few days.

Chinese women are said to be becoming a power in politics in their country. Now that they no longer bind their feet they feel that there is nothing to prevent them from running for office.

Congressmen appear to have but a flickering interest in the pleas of the moving-picture man to have the war tax repealed.

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CURTIS H. K. CURTIS, President; CHARLES H. LUDLOW, Vice President; JOHN C. MARTIN, Secretary and Treasurer; PHILIP S. COLLING, Editor; JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Building, Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone 1234. Subscriptions: Single copies, 10 cents; 12 months, \$1.00. Foreign, \$1.50. Advertising: 100 word building, 100 word building, 100 word building, 100 word building.

Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is authorized to use for publication of all news dispatches received to it or otherwise credited to it, and also the local news published therein. All rights of publication of such dispatches herein are also reserved.

Pat did not only come back. He brought the great game with him. It was being said a few months ago that the war had killed baseball. But the old ecstatic frenzy seized the country again when the series began and since the first game only exceptional persons have thought seriously about strikes, the league of nations, Fiume or the storms brewing in China. The national mind has had an opportunity to relax.

WE needed it. Baseball is one of the things that the country cannot spare.

"PUBLIC SENTIMENT—BIFF!" IN Camden it was a case of "Public sentiment—biff!"

The abandonment by the trolley company of its struggles to introduce the zone-fare system sharply defines the limitations to which the managements of public utilities are necessarily subjected.

Thousands of citizens of New Jersey preferred walking or some other means of locomotion to traveling in the trolleys conducted on what they regarded as an unjust plan. Upon no financial ground could the Public Service Corporation defend for long, even to itself, a new system which brought it less monetary return than the old scheme.

Mr. McCarter, the president, expressing "bitter disappointment" at the result, declares that "there was a psychological feature to the zone system that made it a failure at this time." That may be so, but somehow, what he added seems more significant. "The people are not riding," said he.

The simple truth is that his company submitted for sale the sort of article which the people did not wish to buy. The public refrained from purchasing and something which more pleased its fancy was restored to the market.

There is not a throne, a government or a business on earth so immutable as the elemental laws of economics.

BORES AT THE CAPITOL ORATIONS in relays, serial addresses, pompous protracted disquisitions constitute the Senate's response to public sentiment concerning the peace treaty.

The nation is utterly weary of the epidemic of words on this topic. And so the upper house dispenses verbiage until even a government printing office must tremble at the cost of white paper for the Congressional Record.

Senator France has a 35,000-word tale to unfold. Senator Nelson is to follow him. Senator Walsh has an merivating broadside in preparation.

In nonpolitical circles discussion of the league of nations has become as tiresome as asking how old Ann is or if Bacon wrote Shakespeare or if free verse is art. The public is united in this. It wants action upon the treaty, for or against it, with or without modifications.

HAZING AT ANNAPOLIS HAZING such as has been practiced at various times at West Point and Annapolis is stupid, silly and cruel.

Appropos of the mysterious poisoning at the Naval Academy of Henry G. Wetherstine, of Germantown, Secretary Daniels promises that, if necessary, he will take drastic action to exterminate a pestiferous, brutal practice. The secretary takes the right attitude and yet it ought not to be needful for him to interfere. The preservation of discipline at Annapolis is the direct function of the management.

A superintendent who is unable to combat hazing that conflicts with the regulations of the institution is unfit for his post. A confession of incompetence is always implied when the subject is carried to a higher jurisdiction.

The present situation is somewhat obscure. One "middy" is reported to have slashed his chest with a knife, another had a "nervous breakdown," another has "blown poison." If hazing is responsible for these hectic incidences vigorous steps to end it forever should at once be taken. If hazing is nothing but a new